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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE TOWER HILL ENCAMPMENT, (20th season) and SUMMER SCHOOL (21st session), for 1910.

THE ENCAMPMENT will open July first for guests, and continue open until September 20. For terms and particulars concerning cottages, rooms in long houses and dining room privileges, apply to Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

THE SUMMER SCHOOL will begin Sunday, July 17th, and continue four weeks, closing Sunday, August 14th. Course of Study,—"The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion," a series of biographical studies from Luther to Emerson, and readings from contemporary poets, geographically classified, viz., The Poets of Canada, The Poets of Australia, The Poets of California, The Poets of the South, The Poets of the Middle West, The Songs that Survived the Singer (the anonymous and one-poem poets). This course in poetry was given by Mr. Jones to two different circles in Chicago this winter and was greatly enjoyed.

After the close of the Summer School Mr. Jones will give twelve interpretative lectures and readings from Browning's "Ring and the Book,"—this also a repetition of the course given at the Abraham Lincoln Centre last winter.

Tower Hill is reached via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, Prairie du Chien branch, and is thirty-five miles west of Madison. Railroad fare from Chicago, $3.35. For further particulars inquire of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

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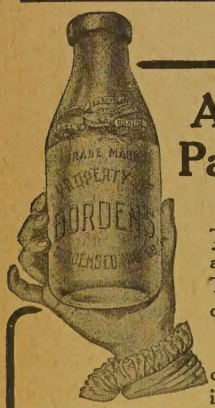

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We publish elsewhere in this issue the first sermon, "Concerning Soil: Plowing," and commend it most highly to our readers.

—From Hoard's Dairyman for January 25, 1910.
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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Volume LXV. THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1910. NUMBER 10.

MY LIFE'S TRUTH

The words I spoke but yesterday in utmost truth seem not so true today.
Past deeds, that once taxed my fullest energy, I would not undertake again.
Old griefs that wrung my heart in wretchedness are fading fast from memory.
The joys that filled my younger years are joys to me no more.
New words spring to my lips as new thoughts fire the brain.
Ends I have not tried before make challenge to my will.
New griefs oppress, while new joys bid me live.
Shall all that now absorbs my soul become one day a matter of indifference?
While I am true to the reality of the passing hours, speak my present thought, and do the vital deed, weep honest tears and smile in sincere joy,
It must be well.
When I am dead some loving friend will see the Truth, of which through changing years I live but phases.

LESLIE WILLIS SPRAGUE.

The *Lyceum World* notes an interesting event in the action of the Erie Ministerial Association, a body of fifty clergymen, representing all denominations, in inviting Thomas P. Byrnes, pastor of the Unitarian church at Erie, to deliver before them his lecture on Wendell Phillips. As a result six dates were promptly booked at the close of the lecture, and the "Civic Righteousness Committee" of the organization arranged for the delivery of the same before a mass meeting of the citizens of Erie. This was an ignoring of the petty lines of sect and creed to a purpose,—a coming together worth while. Brethren, when we take the large subjects in a large way, we find it easy to play and work together.

"Many an old civilization went to pieces because too much culture and happiness got into the hands of a few, leaving a great poor population to suffer and finally to rise up and smash things."

So writes John M. Siddall in the *American* for April. He is but half right. The source of disintegration of nations as well as of individual character, is the concentration of wealth to the exclusion of culture and happiness. The few who monopolized the wealth of the lost nations, as well as those who are monopolizing it today, do not represent either the culture or the happiness of the nation. In their selfish grasping for happiness, they miss the culture and the happiness, and become an untimely menace, not only to the culture and happiness, but to the very existence of the State.

The Central Congregational Church of New Haven, which was founded in 1638, of which the Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth is Pastor Emeritus, has moved to the front line. The *Associated Dispatch* announces that "by the opening of its doors it has relegated the apostles' creed and other formal doctrines to the records of the church as historical relics, and the new members are to pledge themselves, as reported in the paper, only to believe in the higher life and moral purposes." In thus making their confession of faith non-theological, they not only open their doors to many who have been debarred from membership heretofore by theological scruples, but, if we mistake not, they have recommitted their old members to the finest re-inspiration and the finest ends of religious co-operation,—namely, the ethical life, spiritual piety, the growth of the soul, and the realization of the human brotherhood, which is implied by the Divine fatherhood.

It was an impressive and altogether fitting public memorial that was offered at the Garrick Theater last Sunday afternoon to Chicago's great commoner, the people's preacher, Hiram W. Thomas. As one of the speakers wisely said, "It is well that we allowed these months to pass since the first sense of loss and deep bereavement in order that his lasting contribution, the permanent loss in his death, might be better estimated." We will not in this issue undertake to report that great meeting which filled every seat in the theater. In due time we hope to print much if not all that was said. Suffice it in this issue to say that Doctors Hirsch, Gunsaulus, Foster, White, and Jane Addams were at their best. Bishop Fallows, the loyal neighbor and constant companion, was the fitting man to lead the devotion of that large audience, made devout by the tender occasion, and the quartet of the Central Church, the singers who reinforce Doctor Gunsaulus's weekly ministries at the Auditorium, impressively rendered fitting and familiar music.

New Britain, Connecticut, has its "innings" this year for centennial glories, and so eager is it to enjoy the full benefit of its splendid notoriety that it anticipates the centennial birthday of Elihu Burritt, which occurs on December 8 of this year, and its centennial doings,

consisting of public meetings and a great banquet, are to take place on the afternoon and evening of May 10, this convenient date being made in order to join with the New England Arbitration and Peace Congress to be held at Hartford and New Britain, Connecticut, under the auspices of the American and Connecticut Peace Societies, May 8 to 11. If we mistake not, the rise of the Peace Congresses is to become one of the characteristic features of the first quarter of the twentieth century. This period may even rival in ethical enthusiasm, political intensity and religious fervor the old anti-slavery rallies of ante-bellum days. There are many indications that the denominational conferences and sectarian associations fail to call forth the highest zeal and the self-denying consecration that enlightened souls are competent of. The call for universal peace, the rights of children and women, the demand for sobriety, social purity and civic righteousness, have now become the more adequate call to prayer, the more religious rallying cries, the signal of more sincere piety and truer devotion.

The humiliation of Illinois and Chicago deepens! As we go to press the columns of the Chicago dailies are burdened with the gruesome details of graft in high places. The *Chicago Tribune* prints definite, specific charges, giving names, dates and amounts with a mass of fac simile reproductions in the way of letters and telegrams showing that Lorimer's election to the Senate was the direct result of vulgar purchase. The man making such revealments is self-incriminated, but, as the *Record-Herald* well comments, only such men would be engaged in such a deed. The public owe a debt of gratitude to the *Chicago Tribune* for its initiative in this matter, and it will be an added humiliation if the state and city administration should prove itself unwilling or incapable of pushing this investigation promptly, vigorously, relentlessly to a conclusion. All the world knows that Illinois sent last winter to the Senate chambers of the United States a man without adequate character, record or ability to justify the honor, and if it should turn out that he won his seat by a disgraceful purchase, it will be only a verification of the worst fears of the honest and honorable citizens of Illinois of all parties, who have hung their heads in shame over the low political standards of Illinois. It is a great state sadly maligned by its misrepresentatives in the legislative halls of the state and nation.

Would it not be as well if our college presidents should drop the discussion as to the effect of athletics on the intellectual progress of the students? This subject comes up, with only slightly modified features, year after year. Two or three years ago, President Eliot expressed alarm because he saw no improvement in the ethics of the game. Professor Adler, about the same time, thought that athletics as prosecuted, implied an attitude of mind fatal to nobility of character. He held that the greatest virtue of youth is a developed power of looking ahead—athletic glory tending to operate against this virtue. He placed also great emphasis on the moral crookedness involved in the betting and the gambling associations of our athletic contests. Prof. Hollis of Harvard, last year, stirred up considerable excitement by announcing that, as chairman of the athletic committee of the University, he had become convinced that football had become such a drudgery, such an incessant nervous strain and excitement that the players no longer get any fun out of it. He added that for the past three years fully fifteen per cent of the players had been laid off by injuries—the game anyway having enough of the prize fight in it to lay it open to suspicion. "It is the rarest thing," said Prof. Hollis, "to notice any evidence of generosity between opponents; besides it breeds suspicion between the colleges." About the same time, a writer in *American Medicine*, called attention to the fact that the athlete, after training ceases, requires months to readjust himself to the ordinary conditions of life. He urged that the muscles of the athlete are unnecessary in most occupations—in fact absolutely injurious. The same holds true of the structural and visceral capacity of trained men. "A big arm with a fine biceps development may be pretty to look at, but such arms have often cost their owners their lives. Disuse begins degeneration. There is no good reason, so far as we can see, why this whole matter of physical training shall be taken into the schools. The young Greek was looked upon not as a body, and a mind, requiring two sorts of training; but he was simply a young Greek, of whom the teacher was to take charge, and make a healthy and useful citizen. If our teachers are not qualified to manage the case, then let our normal training be widened. There can be no more difficulty in a normal course in hygiene and exercise than in grammar and mathematics. Our colleges and universities should certainly put an end to extraneous and uncontrolled athletic work—occupying as it does so important a field, and taking so large a share of the time and attention of the students. We strongly sympathize with the resolutions adopted by the representatives of the colleges of Missouri. These affirm that "All students should take systematic physical training, during the entire period of their academic career; that all college athletics should be under the control of the college faculties; that such faculties should instruct the general student body in the principles of good sportsmanship and manly conduct." They hold that the ideal condition is an endowed department of physical culture, in every college,—conducted precisely as are now conducted departments of science, engineering or literature.

E. P. P.

"The Dial"

On the first of May the *Dial* reached its thirtieth anniversary and it deserves and will receive the hearty congratulations of the best men and women, widely scattered in space and in station. The *Dial* has been the one notable illustration of modesty in the bumptious city of Chicago. It has been true to the vision which called it into being. It has been an impartial and sagacious interpreter of current literature. During these thirty years, publications, daily, weekly, monthly, have come and gone in a motley procession, but the *Dial* has stayed. During the first twelve years of its life it appeared monthly; for the remaining eighteen years it has been a fortnightly, and has never missed an issue; and during all of this time Francis F. Browne has been the directing hand, the selective brain, the magnet of good taste, keen appreciation and poetic insight that has drawn to himself like talents and aptitudes from a wide range of academic and literary ability.

The *Dial* was born and has lived in Chicago, but it is not a Chicago institution. With characteristic insight the Editor in this birthday announcement well says:

> Future historians of the intellectual development of America will perhaps find the most interesting fact of the *Dial's* career to be its location in Chicago—of all possible places the one seemingly least likely to produce a purely literary journal of national scope and influence. It was the same paradox—the triumph of the improbable and unexpected—that gave to the Columbian Exposition so large a part of its interest and significance. And the explanation is much the same for both cases: it was not Chicago merely—it was the development of a continent, the inevitable westward movement of the course of empire, of which Chicago was ordained by laws as simple as irresistible to be at once the product and the most vital expression.

"There is no doubt about it; the West must send its missionaries to the East in the next twenty-five years," was one of the explosive oracles of Father Alcott, the Sage of Concord. During these thirty years Chicago has been sending its missionary of culture, of good taste and high breeding to the East in the pages of the *Dial*. Professor Wendell of Harvard University, in his "Literary History of America," testifies:

> "The *Dial* seems at present the most unbiased and sensible organ of American criticism."

Sir Walter Besant of London said:

> "From every point of view the *Dial* is unsurpassed by any other literary journal in America or England."

John Burroughs has pronounced the *Dial*

> "Easily the most valuable literary review."

Our friend Browne's *Dial* has been his own; it shines with no borrowed light; but he is frank enough to confess kinship with its famous though luckless predecessor, the *Dial*, started seventy years ago by Margaret Fuller, with Emerson, Channing, Parker and Thoreau as associates; a magazine that undertook to "correctly report the progress of the hour and the day." Four years of splendid obscurity brought this brilliant child to an untimely death; it died from too much excellence. Forty years after the birth of this organ of the great thinkers of the East in Boston, Mr. Browne dared venture to perpetuate the high name, and he has made good. The original *Dial*, in sixteen quarterly issues, is now the rare quest of the collector. A set was recently sold in Boston for sixty-eight dollars, and proud is the institution that possesses a file. Some years ago a reproduction of this magazine was published by a Cleveland firm, with an introduction by our friend, George Willis Cooke, but we believe it was one of those, to our mind, insolent "limited edition" ventures that aim to enhance the commercial value by creating a scarcity; a process unworthy the propagators of high literature and the promoters of true culture. It is safe to assume that the limited edition has been exhausted, or if copies are obtainable it probably is at prohibitive prices to most of the lovers of such wares as Emerson and Margaret Fuller dealt in.

The new *Dial*, still alive and young at thirty, fares bravely forth on its fourth decade with "hope and inspiration." It is an opportune time for some friend or friends of culture, to whom Chicago has given wealth beyond their own creative merits, to signalize this thirty years' triumph of the great West by making it possible to reproduce, perhaps by a photo-engraving process, the original *Dial*, that it may be offered at available prices to the constituency prepared for it by the appreciative work of our neighbor, Browne.

Chicago, not without cause, is boastful of its liberal-handed citizens, as testified by its hospitals, asylums, and provision for the defective and diseased bodies. This is well, but not so well as adequate provision for growing minds, for the development of soul, the production of ideals, and the fostering of glorious dreamers.

UNITY presents its heartiest greetings to its neighbor, the *Dial*, on its thirtieth anniversary, and cordial congratulations to Comrade Browne. We are glad to pick up from the dainty birthday announcement the words from the prospectus, printed in the *Dial* of Margaret Fuller and Ralph Waldo Emerson seventy years ago:

> Let it be such a *Dial*, not as the dead face of a clock, hardly even such as the gnomon in a garden, but rather such a *Dial* as is the garden itself, in whose leaves and flowers and fruits the suddenly awakened sleeper is instantly apprised, not what part of dead time but what state of life and growth is now arrived and arriving.

The Increased Cost of Living

Whatever the trusts or the increased production of gold may have to do with the increased cost of living, one fact should not be lost sight of, viz., that the growth of city population has been relatively greater than the growth of the country as a whole, and the agricultural

population has not kept pace with the increased demand for food.

Mr. James J. Hill uttered a truth of the greatest economic importance when he declared that in the ultimate future this country is not to be chiefly commercial but agricultural. The problem of providing food for a thousand million people will be one of considerable importance, and it would seem as if the time had fully come when influences should be started to turn the tide back from the city to the country. There are already too many middlemen—too many who are in no sense producers. One who knows the facts begins to lose patience with the cry for help at the congested centers of our great cities when all the sympathy is expended here and no attempt is made to turn men into conditions more favorable, where they may live in absolute independence and happiness.

There were never such opportunities in agriculture as are offered today to any man who has any gumption and wants to help himself. With modern methods of agriculture a large farm is not needed. Ten acres will support a family in comfort and independence, and in many portions of the country meat can still be secured at small cost.

Many, because they crave the excitement that comes from a dense population, will stay in cities though they starve, but the normal man will gladly come in touch with the soil.

John Ruskin never uttered a greater truth than when he said: "To watch the corn grow and the blossoms set, to draw hard breath over plowshare or spade, to read, to think, to love, to pray: these are the things that make men happy."

E. G. Updike.

Madison, Wisconsin.

Race Loyalties

The Irish are protesting against a caricaturing of their race on the stage and through the medium of vulgar picture-postals. Their demands are self-respecting, dignified and just, and should be heeded from the standpoint of patriotism, as well as from a sense of human brotherhood.

Immigrants from many lands have sought a home within the borders of our country; and would we have them appreciate the American people, love our institutions and cherish our ideals, we must try to understand and respect their national characteristics and peculiarities, and must judge them by the standard of their best representatives, and not by hideous, unkind and untrue caricatures.

Moreover, as Miss Addams of the Hull House, Professor Royce of Harvard and Professor Steiner of Iowa College have so forcibly presented, there is not one of these foreign nationalities but might add picturesqueness to American life; and, since many of these immigrants are the products of a civilization and culture older, riper and more variegated than ours, they might enrich the culture of our nation with their ideals and experiments of living that have stood the test of time and suffering, had we the sense and vision to appreciate rather than to ridicule the foreigner. It is not the immigrant, it is the child of the immigrant reared in this land, who is, according to reliable statistics, the more imminent source of danger to our country; and this is largely due to the fact that, like the native American, the second generation is a stranger to the soul-life of his foreign-born parents, lacking interest in their national literature, heroes, folk-songs, dances, dress, occupations, and even ridiculing their language, history and religious rites.

That the Poles, Lithuanians and other nationalities demand recognition in the forthcoming census-reports is not an ominous sign. They will be all the better Americans if they preserve the idealism that expresses itself in a love for the history and language of their fathers and in a devotion to the memory of men who were martyrs to the cause of liberty. Surely, they whose cheeks flush with pride and whose hearts glow with enthusiasm when the names of Garibaldi, Kossuth, Kosziusko, Emmet or Judah Maccabee are uttered, will admire our Washington and Lincoln more fervently and will make better American citizens than will they who are indifferent to the heroic history of their forefathers and who are oblivious of the distinction that comes to them through their kinship with heroes and martyrs who struggled and suffered beyond the seas.

Joseph Stolz

Alchemy in Politics

The defeat of the old alchemist was the beginning of the science of modern chemistry. He finally discovered (what was better than making gold), that he could not possibly transform the dross of his crucible into precious metal. If he got any precious metal out of his retort, he must previously have put gold or silver into it.

The people of America entertain a superstition respecting politics and government as false as the error of the alchemist and far more harmful. They expect, by political platform, legislative enactment, or municipal policy to extract good government out of a population with insufficient personal honor and integrity. They think that by some magical influence civic righteousness may be made to abound in a community where the majority are lacking in personal righteousness and the righteous minority are destitute of public spirit. And so the cry goes forth for a new city charter, for a new form of ballot or nomination, or for a drastic statute against predatory wealth. But there is

no political alchemy by which a community indulging in low business methods, or indifferent to political duties, can transmute its commercial dross into the pure gold of incorruptible public service. It is impossible to evolve a noble state out of a population ruled by ignoble motives.

The extinction of this political superstition will help mightily toward the moral regeneration of American politics. We, as a people, must come to see that there can be no pure politics in the land until Americans, as individuals, live in truth and justice. While so much of our business in general is tainted with corrupt practices, our political methods will be corrupt. So far as trade is dishonest, legislation will be attended with bribery. While shoddy is sold over the counter, the policeman on the street outside will wink at vice. While goods are adulterated, party pledges will be readily violated. While men in trade indulge in a "rakeoff," politicians may be expected to rob city and state. It is a grievous mistake to suppose that a man who is tricky in his shop or store, will be anything but a trickster when elected to office. No political machinery, however good, can possibly produce a wise and just government when people are lacking in principle and patriotism. The fact is that good government can be permanent only where men in banks and shops, in stores and factories, in mills and offices, on farms and railways are honest. There can be no public, civic righteousness apart from the moral integrity of citizens in business and domestic relations.

We complain of corrupt politics! A man of intelligence and integrity, who has been a member of a state legislature for several years, asserts that in his opinion not a law has been passed at the statehouse, having reference to financial matters, but that has been attended by the corrupt use of money, either directly or indirectly. But beside this statement another must be placed: A man of large experience respecting the letting of contracts in the industrial world, asserts that so far as he can discover, in very many cases somebody *is seen* before the contract is let! Now, how can honest politics exist when dishonest business is so common?

The nation has been reading the nauseating story of the corruption at Albany among the legislators who have assembled there for years. The legislative investigation may find no one guilty And yet, those familiar with the ways of public men at that capital, know how extensive the rottenness has been for a long time. But this rottenness did not originate among those politicians at Albany. The story of the "Seventeen Holes," as recently given in the *Outlook,* shows the origin and virulence of the disease which afflicts the body politic. When a policy more than piracy is the method of a great corporation, need we expect anything better than political plunder among politicians?

The writer was once familiar with the doings of a far western state legislature, when the "pork-barrel," for which contending interests were fighting, was a five-year contract to furnish text-books to the schools of the commonwealth. Members of senate and house freely sold their votes? Yes! But who corruptly bought them? The agents of school-book publishing houses—some of them among the largest and "most respectable" in the land! Now, how can we have honest politics in America so long as prominent business men conduct themselves so dishonestly?

The sooner Americans realize that the work for pure politics must begin farther back,—in improving the character and habits of the average citizen,—the better it will be for our public affairs. Dishonesty in private business makes political corruption inevitable. No reform in statecraft can be effective, which does not come as the result of a higher moral standard among men in general. There is no magic alchemy by which a gross population can evolve a noble form of government. One thing is certain: If men of business, now living, wish to protect their children from mob violence, they must show in their everyday business operations more regard for the Ten Commandments.

J. H. C.

Pagan Sources of Traditional Theology

The leading doctrines of the traditional theology, Predestination, Fall of Man, Original Sin, Sacrificial Atonement, Limited Probation, Endless Hell, and other doctrines held by many to be equivalent to Christianity itself, are inconsistent with the findings of modern knowledge. They are therefore doomed sooner or later to take their place with other outgrown intellectual monstrosities as theological curiosities. A knowledge of their source makes the evidence against them final. They are not the doctrines of Jesus, nor are they essential features of the Christian religion as taught and practiced by Jesus.

Jesus did not teach any of these doctrines. They are not found in the New Testament, properly interpreted. They were not held by the Apostolic church before the close of the second century. Much less were such doctrines considered essentials of Christianity. They were not known. The early church believed with Jesus that religion was love to God and man. Religion was a good life, not an intellectual belief. Whence came these doctrines? We must understand the diverse intellectual conditions into which Christianity was born and in the midst of which it developed. Four great lines of intellectual influence are discernible, Jewish, Oriental, Greek and Latin. The New Testament shows marks of these views. Matthew is a Jewish gospel; Luke more cosmopolitan; John strikingly Greek in its philosophy; Peter and Paul show

marks of different thought tendencies.

Two great intellectual influences finally dominated, the Greek and the Latin. Christianity came in contact with Greek thought at Alexandria, a city more Greek than Athens. The union of Christianity and Greek philosophy produced under Clement and Origen the Greek form of Christian theology. It was broad, free, and contained none of the doctrines so long held to be Christian. Endless Hell, Predestination, Original Sin, and the rest of the brood of traditional doctrines do not appear in Christian theology as developed under Greek thought at the beginning of the third century after Jesus. Modern Liberalism in religion is the extension and adaptation of Greek theology, and modern science is the extension of the thought method of the Greek Aristotle.

The second great line of influence and the one that finally shaped Christian theology for fifteen hundred years was the Latin. It was at Rome or Latin centers of thought instead of at Jerusalem or even free Alexandria that Christian theology took its final form. Constantine, for state purposes, ascended the throne of the Caesars as the first Christian Emperor. He was a pagan at heart as he had been in training. He joined paganism and the growing Christianity politically, and fostered them side by side religiously. This union of Latin paganism and Christianity produced, under the genius of Augustine, the Latin theology which, maintained by Calvin, touched with new horrors by Edwards, became the present traditional theology.

The Latin mind was imperial, authoritative, hence the church. The rites of the pagan temples became the services of Christian churches. Statues of the pagan gods were renamed and did service for Christian Saints. Easter and Christmas were adaptations of pagan festivals to Christian conveniences and none the less beautiful on that account. The early church Fathers were pagan before they were Christian. It was inevitable that they adopt many of their pagan ideas into their new faith. It was politically a fine stroke as well. The people could understand their old pagan doctrines Christianized. Hence the worship of Mary and Child was adapted particularly from the Egyptian Isis and Infant Horus. Our fine Madonnas root in paganism though none the less beautiful for their origin. The Trinity was a common doctrine. Christianity adopted it from Egypt especially. It was not a doctrine of Jesus. It was Egyptian. It was only established as an authoritative doctrine of the church in the sixth century and after two hundred years of intrigue and controversy. Yet Calvin burned Servetus for denying this pagan accretion. Predestination is only a re-statement of the pagan idea of fate. God was power, not love, as Jesus taught. Hence he could do as he chose with his own. Sophocles in his Oedipus sets forth this pagan idea. Augustine took up this idea from paganism and after the long Pelagian controversy, Predestination became a church doctrine four hundred years after the time of Christ. It was essentially pagan in its origin. Endless punishment and hell were not the teachings of Jesus. For the first two hundred and fifty years after Jesus the main thought was against endless punishment. Hell is a pagan idea. Augustine made punishment endless for those unsaved to enhance the power and necessity of the church. It was not until the sixth century that endless punishment became the generally accepted doctrine; nearly six hundred years after Jesus had said "Father forgive them, they know not what they do." So Baptism, the Sacrificial Atonement, the Incarnation, the Resurrection were all pagan in their origin. Yet Augustine and those who followed him from these pagan sources developed a system of theology, which adopted by Calvin, intensified by Edwards, has dominated Christian thought until the present time. It, though purely pagan in origin, though not taught by Jesus, became in time so identified with Christianity as to become equivalent to it. To deny was to be damned. Thousands have been imprisoned, tortured and murdered for questioning this paganism masquerading as Christianity. It is even now a heresy punishable by expulsion from church or school. Thousands still stagger under the nightmare of this pagan theology, thinking some way that it is vital to Christianity. Thousands of others say: "If all that is Christianity, I am not a Christian." The present doubt is not of Christianity as taught by Jesus, but of this pagan theology which is not in any sense essential to Christianity. Christianity as taught and practiced by Jesus was a life. It was righteousness. It was love of God and Man. It was simple, direct, natural. One can no more deny the Christianity of Jesus than he can deny his own nature. Men believe in goodness, in love, in justice, in an immanent power at the heart of things which makes for righteousness and which men call God. This is the heart of the Christianity of Jesus. The need now of Christian theology is to cease to be longer pagan, and to become Christian.

R. A. WHITE, D. D.

THEN

When from that night of faith so dark and long
With all its deeds of terror caused by creed,
Mankind at last awake and reason strong,
Receptive for the liberal spirit's seed;

When every heart with this true knowledge glows;
That not from heavenly visions howe'er bold,
Not from the fruit of lies good fortune grows,
From stirring hands and not from hands afold;

When no one more for life beyond doth long,
Deluded, thinking there to be care free,
When every one with courage new glows strong,
In serving mankind finds tranquility;

Then no one will his highest duty shirk
Here in this round of growth and of decay,
Mankind upon the heights will stand and work—
Of which the noblest spirits dream today.

Translated from the German of Hermann Friedrichs, by Max Batt.

THE PULPIT

Memorial Service for Dr. Thomas in Florida

It has been a long time since the silence of this southern home was broken,—home now only in the sweet associations of the past. Yet there is something in each new sunrise, something in every departing day, in the song of the birds, the fragrance of the flowers, the whispering of the pines, the glories of the heavens, all of which he so loved, that they seem to say, "He is with you still. Last August is a dream, Rose Hill a myth; time and decay nothing, only Love and Life can remain, more real and sweet with each new sun."

It may be interesting to the friends of UNITY, our friends always, to know of the little service held here in De Funiak in memory of Doctor Thomas. It was in the large and beautiful auditorium of the West Florida Chautauqua, and conducted by the Chautauqua Association, including appropriately in the service one of their officers and life-time co-workers, Mr. Nathaniel Colver, who passed to his reward a few weeks after the death of Doctor Thomas.

Mr. Colver was a man of beautiful spirit, who loved the good and lived it. The older citizens of Chicago will remember his father, the Rev. Nathaniel Colver, as one of the pioneer workers for the old Baptist College, and a man of eminence in his profession. His son was worthy of the father and he fell asleep gently and sweetly as the passing of a flower.

The president of the Chautauqua, the Hon. Wallace Bruce, presided. The pastors of the M. E., Baptist and Christian churches took part in the devotional exercises. Miss Evangeline Wallace of Chicago sang a beautiful solo, the orchestra rendered appropriate music, and Dr. John F. Eberhardt of Chicago Lawn, one of Doctor Thomas's oldest and dearest friends, who fortunately was on the ground, added his word of appreciation and love to the memory of pupil, pastor and friend.

Mr. Bruce was for years a consul to Scotland and is widely known as a poet and orator. It was he who was chosen by the Scottish Society of Chicago to read a poem at the unveiling of a statue to Robert Burns in Garfield Park, four years ago. A few days before the event he was stricken while addressing a Chautauqua in Canada, and never has regained his physical strength. Yet in spite of his infirmities he spoke eloquently of the work of Doctor Thomas and of his relations with him, placing him among the great preachers of the century and the greatest of orators. In closing Mr. Bruce cited one instance which seemed to him the most marvelous example of masterful oratory or power of a speaker over an assembly he had ever witnessed.

One Chautauqua Saturday, when the audience, numbering several thousand, was packed into the auditorium, the speaker for the occasion failed and Doctor Thomas, without a moment's warning, was called to take the place. The audience was one of those heterogenous, restless, excursion types, out principally for a lark. Doctor Thomas took the platform deliberately, happened to hit upon a subject most remote from ordinary thought, one which few knew anything about, and fewer still cared to know, and for an hour held that assembly, old and young, literate and unread, in breathless attention upon that far-removed philosophic theme.

Doctor Eberhardt spoke of his struggles in early life, his zeal for knowledge, his quest for truth, never satisfied until the highest and best was attained. He told how he himself was responsible for bringing Doctor Thomas from Iowa to Chicago. The city ministers had little use for the "country parson" and were not always willing to yield their pulpits to such. Finally he persuaded the presiding elder to give his friend a trial. It is needless to say that Doctor Thomas was not in the secret, but he came on thinking it merely a visit to the city. Before the morning audience was dismissed he was invited to speak in the evening, and before he went home he was called to a pastorate in the city. No one could speak with closer knowledge of the man than Doctor Eberhardt, his lecturer of Latin and Greek nearly sixty years ago.

Superintendent Kenneth Bruce, the son, gave a beautiful tribute to the life that to him and hundreds of other young men had been an inspiration and help. Wherever his travels in the lecture field led him, he said everywhere he found the name of Doctor Thomas known, honored and loved.

In closing he recited with great pathos Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," giving it as one of Doctor Thomas's great favorites:

> Sunset and evening star
> And one clear call for me!
> And may there be no moaning of the bar
> When I put out to sea.
> * * * *
> For tho' from out the bourne of Time and Place
> The flood may bear me far,
> I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
> When I have crossed the bar.

This poem, with a list of some "Great Spiritual Texts," as he marked them, lies before me in his Bible, just where they were placed by the dear hand that blessed everything it touched.

To the friends who have written concerning the coming memorial in the city, and the many others who are aiding in it, I wish to say that I do not feel equal to the long journey and all that it entails, but here under southern skies I will hold sacred the shrine to him who knew only blessings for all God's world, and to the companion of his closing years was prophet, friend and lover—the Man Perfect.

VANDELIA VARNUM THOMAS.

DeFuniak Springs, Florida.

MY HEART TO WRONGS MAKE BLIND

> Just to be kind, O Father, kind to each
> Of all I daily meet, pray I to be!
> When look or earnest deed hurls back at me
> In alien stare, or blame, then, I beseech,
> Give patience, Lord; that high, my soul might reach
> The errant angel, bring him back, so he,
> Our souls together, thus, my meaning see!
>
> But, if we miss, employ a foreign speech—
> Then give, O Thou, the gentle, humble grace
> To search myself for sloth of heart or mind;
> A burning penitence for these replace;
> Resentment stay, my heart to wrongs make blind.
> When Scorn flings good I gave back in my face,
> I want, O Heart of Love, just to be kind!

HARRIET MORLOCK GLEASON.

A Twentieth Century Prophet Passes Away

Nations like individuals cannot thrive without indulging in some kind of hero-worship. Sometimes the hero is a warrior, like Napoleon; sometimes a statesman, like Bismarck, and in some very rare cases, so far, he might be a seer, a poet, or a prophet. Our ideals change as we grow. A few hundred years ago Norway's national hero was a Viking, a sea-faring knight-errant, or, in more modern words, a pirate. Today the homage of the same nation is bestowed upon a reformer, a leader in art and literature, a king in the empire of mind. For such a man was Bjornstjerne Bjornson, who but yesterday was still a living power, and from his deathbed in Paris still swayed the scepter of spiritual supremacy he so long and so successfully had wielded.

Bjornson was a prophet. He was an incarnation of that Scandinavian spirit of freedom and independence which is one of the most valuable assets in the makeup of the Anglo-Saxon, the Teutonic and the Scandinavian races. What Norway is today it is through him. He has given his country an independent original literature; he has awakened the national self-consciousness in his people, which at last led them on to national independence. Under his guardian care a nation has been born.

Such a man is not made of common clay. Such a mind was not moulded in the cheap matrices, wherein everyday mortals are hatched out. Such a man is a rare occurrence. He is not a planet, always in sight and accomplishing its orbit in so many days. He is not even a comet, returning at long intervals but still at stated periods. He is a meteor, a shooting-star from some higher sphere, a strange visitor to the earth with some sacred message.

Bjornson was a man with a message. To his own countrymen his message was: "Wake up, you are a people, you are a nation, realize your possibilities and make the best of them. To the world at large his message was: Make peace, you are brothers, cease slaughtering and war, arbitrate, arbitrate.

He was a poet, a politician, an agitator, a character and a prophet. The world is better today because that man lived yesterday. He is still living. His influence will never die, as long as the ideals for which he lived mean something to human hearts.

He was a productive writer. Most of his works are known to erudite English-speaking readers through good translations. Those who have not read them may profit by doing so. They will meet with a high and lofty, a pure, an independent, an indomitable spirit; they will encounter a tall Scandinavian giant, a fighter for rationality in religion, for honesty in politics, for integrity in life, and for steadfastness of purpose and faithfulness to principle. It is an acquaintance worth while to make.

It is a significant *"signatura temporis"* that a man of this stamp was the national hero of a nation of descendants of the ancient Viking robbers. Slowly but surely the old world moves on; higher and higher do we rise; purer and nobler do our ideals become; constantly we are advancing towards the rock that is higher than we.

There was still something of the old Viking blood in Bjornson. He was a born fighter, as were his ancestors. But he did not fight to rob and destroy as they did. His warfare was against ignorance, superstition, weakness, and decadence. He fought on a higher plane, and therefore his lifework will not cease with his death, but continue, not only in his native land but in the whole world, as long as there is human progress: his soul will be marching on for ever and ever.

AXEL LUNDEBURG.

The Boy Problem

The world is getting to be awfully full of boys. It was pretty much so when I was preaching. They represented what Jesus says he came into the world to bring: life. I like life; and for that reason I like boys, in general terms. My church soon got very full of them, and of course the girls came with them. My Sunday-school ran from sixty-five up to nearly six hundred. What to do with such a beehive is a problem. My opinion is that it is not wise to put on ministerial gloves and an official air; but it is best to be a boy with the boys. I learned that from Holbrook, who founded the great school at Sing Sing. He had the strongest influence with his lads of any teacher I ever saw; but he snowballed with them in winter and balled it in all sorts of ways in summer.

I had bought five acres of land near a college, and a mile from the church. Here I had, beside cherry and pear trees and grapes, about eighty flower beds. The manliest boys of my church were each permitted to cultivate a bed in this garden, under advice, and to pick what flowers they could use. Flowers are a marvelous civilizer, and I am almost inclined to say Christianizer,—capable of teaching refinement if not piety. I was glad to find that not only my boys but their fathers soon got in the habit of coming to church with flowers in their buttonholes. In the streets they smoked fewer cigars, and a man hates to swear over a nosegay.

It was a natural growth that brought about Flower Sunday in June. It took twenty bushels of peonies and roses, but my boys and I were good for that, and the women were good for the necessary work to decorate. Under them the people stood up and sang "Nearer My God to Thee" with a new thrill. It was going back to Nature, or a good start in that direction. Once a week the boys and I threw open the gates and received the folk; not the church, exactly, but all who wished to become a part of the Plymouth family.

I took one or two of these chaps east with me each year to my vacation home. This was partly for my own pleasure in seeing them supremely happy, and partly for their own good. They were of the well-to-do class, but it was my impression that fresh air is needed for this class as well as for the poverty-stricken. If I had a million dollars to spare I would establish a fund to send this sort of boys and girls out of the city a part of the year. I believe a great many of them could be taken out by their pastors, if the pastors thought of it. My boys turned somersaults on my haycocks, but as a rule were fully appreciative and helpful. One of them is now a college president, others are manufacturers, two are editors, several are preachers, while a very small fraction only have disappointed me. Charlie C. died an architect

in the treasury department at Washington,—what a noble lad was that! I found his counsel, at seventeen, was better than that of a church full of adults. It was sweetened with brotherly love, but it always went straight to the point.

However, I find in my memory more things pleasant to recall out of my dealings with the poorer classes. One lad is now marching across the Western States annually in charge of the comfort and the lives of thousands of human beings,—how well I remember the grip of that boy's hand. You could trust him with any responsibility, but when I knew him he was a little urchin, whose greasy coat I made him burn up and put on a new one which he better deserved. When I was leaving the city for a new parish, George, the hack driver, came inside with his lines, and sat down beside me, to say, "We poor fellows hate to see you go awfully. You know we call you our minister, and you've been such. Some of us were talking about it last night, and we agreed we would remember your advice. I shan't ever forget what you said to me about going to the brewery."

One day Elwood came to me with a troubled face. I asked him what bothered him, and he says, "My father says I cannot go to play a matched game with the Monroe boys unless you will go with us. Then Charles D.'s father said the same thing—so we had to give it up." I said, "Go back and tell the boys that I will go with you, but be sure I go as a friend and not as a spy." I had a good time with them, and on the way home Adelbert S. came up behind me, slipped his arm around me, and whispered in my ear, "We've been talking back there what we could do to please you; I know you do not like to have us use tobacco, and I will not use it any more." We gripped hands quietly, and that paid me for the trip,—that alone. I have a strong impression that I did more good by that trip than by a dozen sermons. I told you in a previous paper what we did with Sunday; we let the sunshine in. We did not consider it a sin to play, or to be happy; but always played with an uplook. Nothing was condemned but meanness. I think God took a hand at croquet and quoits—as well as at Sunday-school. He surely helped them weed their flower beds and make their plants grow on Sunday. At any rate swearing went out of fashion, and "lend-a-hand" became law. I, too, was learning to find God everywhere, and about that time became completely converted to Jesus in the place of Calvin.

All this while the boys' wants and needs were growing. School teachers came to my study with their troubles, sometimes bringing the boys with them. Some teachers lacked get-at-iveness, although full of right intentions. I had a way of getting at the lads. So it came about shortly that they must have one evening every week, when all between thirteen and twenty could visit their pastor. I had sometimes as many as seventy-five gathered in my rooms. It was not a religious gathering altogether, for they were free to tell me all about their home troubles, their school troubles, their fights and their friendships,—and, with all the rest, their sins. I kept in a little closet a suit of clothes which for two years were worn to school by one of my noblest lads. His father compelled him to purchase skunk-skins in the streets in the morning and to wear the same suit of clothes to school. It ended in torture for the boy, which as he said, "I well deserve." He was nearly my size, and changed his clothes every morning on his way to school, changing them back again at night. His father never found it out. I consider such things the specific duty of a pastor. Our gatherings took the name of "Our Circle," and our purpose was expressed in the motto, "We pledge ourselves to watch over each other for good, and not for evil."

Of course my object is not to write a history, but just to throw a side-light on the question what a minister can do with the boys. I owe those fellows a lot. They kept me human and honest. Once in a while one of them was a little of a gadfly, but their love was worth winning. I do not find it easy now to grow old, and as for worry about eternity, I rather feel that we shall have a "Circle" over beyond, and see if we cannot keep busy.

E. P. POWELL.

THE MULBERRY TREE

The old mulberry stands on the side of the hill
With the fleecy clouds over it, lazy and still;
A silkworm of fancy now spins from its leaves
A thread of gold tinsel while memory weaves
A fabric as fine as those looms of the East,
In hues like the ones of the gay Flower Feast.

Near by it, the river with azure-veined arm
Enfolds the fair landscape with many a charm:
The meadow, the cornland, cloud-shadows at play,—
Up the hill, down the vale—in an endless array;
The low-bending willows that trail in the tide,
And the smooth silvery sycamores rising in pride:—
"A beautiful picture!" A Reynolds would stay
His brush for a moment, such tribute to pay!

In the leaf-dotted shadow the honey-bees sing
While a sweet invitation the lily bells ring
To remain for a moment and rest, but for me,
The charm that abides is—the mulberry tree!

For years, all the wonders its covert possessed,
From the velvety leaves to the well-rounded nest
Of the robin, that poised on a sentinel limb,
Would sing at the nightfall a wonderful hymn;
Far excelling the songs of the siren of yore,
That caused brave Ulysses to pause by the shore!
(This Homer relates in his "mighty-mouthed" verse;
But the themes of the countryside, let me rehearse:
A baby's pleased face pressing close to the pane,
And the worn reapers thanking the robin for rain!)

The woodpeckers throng where the ripe berries drip
With a liquid far sweeter than moistened the lip
Of the fond devotee where the tall lilies grow,
And the crops of rich Burgundy sparkle and flow;
But no revels of midnight have dazzled the head
That peeps from the green leaves in turban of red!

(What a feast to the gods do the berries bestow:
To the bird on the bough; to the poet below!)

There, the little sap-sucker, with many a dot,
Has circled the trunk, and in each hidden spot,
A berry has dropped by the same mystic spell,
As the manna that once in the wilderness fell!

Tiptoeing, a limb we could reach with one hand,
With a boost from a friend we could easily land
Where we "shinned up" the mossy old trunk at our ease,
By clasping it close with our hands and our knees!
(A proverb we changed, and we read it, "A friend
In need, was a comrade who gladly would bend
His back for a playmate, to help him ascend!")
Then, thick fell the shower of fruit, pit-a-pat,
Into Chloe's spread apron or Strephon's straw hat!

Like a palm in the desert, its green branches rise
In the noon of the day when the sun blinds my eyes:
Then, so gladly I turn as the sand burns my feet,—
Like a pilgrim his Mecca, its wide boughs I greet!

Gracious refuge of shadow! There often I seem
To behold that fair city John saw in his dream!
I recline by the fountain that flows by its root,
And I drink the clear water and eat the ripe fruit;
While the peace in its shadow that falls over me,
Recalls the sweet calm that crowned glad Galilee!

Shelbyville, Indiana. ALONZO RICE.

Correspondence

Editor UNITY: I have just read the last sermon of that splendid series of discourses by Dr. Boynton. I am sure every thoughtful reader of UNITY is profoundly grateful to Dr. Boynton for having written these remarkably able sermons, and deeply thankful to you for having published them. They carry in them the authority of great learning conjoined with perfect candor and fairness in utterance, and so can not fail of doing great good.

In this connection I want to submit an argument for immortality which is uniformly neglected by all writers on the subject, so far as I know. As "there is nothing new under the sun," I have no doubt the argument has been utilized by many a reasoner; I have not happened to see it, that is all. I do not believe there is an agnostic living to whom the question of immortality is not the most vital one within the range of thought. That is eminently true of myself, and I have no doubt it is just as true of Doctor Eliot. No logical attitude can place one beyond the necessity of Nature's first law,—the law of self-conservation,—and so there is no attainable loftiness of self-contempt that can make one indifferent to his future destiny. I state this dogmatically and take the psychologic chances. But here is my argument: First, put it down as an axiom that there is no answerless question. This depends upon the fact that the answer antedates the possibility of the question; it is the question's progenitor. There is an inescapable answer to dear old Job's mighty question. But no answer is an answer till it is intelligently apprehended. The answer to this awful question can not be so apprehended in time; it can be cognized only in eternity. Remembering that either question or answer is impossible without the other, and that neither is possible without, and that therefore both include, the questioner; and remembering that in this instance, question and answer span the grave, it is clear that the question of questions is at once inevitably, and affirmatively answered.

If the foregoing is a little metaphysical, let us not forget that metaphysics is the highest discipline of philosophy and that philosophy holds the last word of ultimate conclusion. Here is something to think about: If immortality were as demonstrable as the binominal theorem, the fact would be an immitigable calamity to humanity. It would so largely substitute other-worldliness for this-worldliness as to take out of life here all its pith and substance. Earth life would be merely tolerable, and our ingenuities would be centered upon the invention of pleasant and spectacular methods of suicide instead of upon the invention of self-improving devices. We would degenerate into spiritless, worthless and miserable idlers. Deprived of the healthful stimulus of uncertainty and the sweet beckoning of mystery, life on earth would indeed be a gloomy "vale of tears." Pessimism has no legitimate foothold, and it is our highest duty to make mankind realize this momentous fact. Yours for the present time,

Cleves, Ohio. W. C. COOPER.

Social Justice

Social justice is not an intruder into the sphere of religion, but an expression of what is deep and fundamental to all religion. Faith in God and justice toward man are the essentials of pure religion. Religion is not an intruder into the sphere of social justice. A brotherhood of man which is divorced from the fatherhood of God is neither complete nor safe. Of course, politics and economics are needed to accomplish social justice, but our social conclusions are false if there has not entered into them the contributions of deeply religious souls. Where there is no vision the people always perish.

The first utterance of religion for social justice is that no property is as sacred as a human soul. All that pertains to that soul, its bodily welfare, its mental development and peace and its entire character must be deeply reverenced, whether we deal with those who wrong or those who suffer wrong. For this is the vision: that better wages, better homes, sweeter manners, purer laws, are all to develop rich and poor into true children of God. True social justice loves before it condemns, forgives before it punishes, fearlessly attacks injustice in order to save the unjust.

There is always a loud demand for personal justice, but the demand for social justice is in proportion to the growth of religion. Religion changes the cry for "my rights" into "my duties." The right which is not a duty is wrong. All that is socially unjust in our life today must be abolished by men's loyalty to their highest nature. All the blood has been shed. Blood was shed at the rise of capitalism, is being shed to preserve it, but there must be none shed to abolish it, unless you want class justice instead of social justice.

The real cry for social justice is the cry of the complete man, not of his pocket or his pantry. Men cannot live without social justice; not really live. Social justice is not the arbitrary whim of the disgruntled, nor the reformer's idealism imposing conditions which the poor do not actually need. That the poor do not know the nature of social justice is not a reason for withholding it. It is for the good of the rich that the poor should enjoy it. Because religion, which never yields till it conquers, has entered this hard long warfare, social justice will certainly come for all.

"'In the years that shall be, I will bind me nation to nation
And shore unto shore,' saith our God.
'Lo, I am the Burster of bbonds and the Breaker of barriers.
I am he that shall free,' saith the Lord.
'For the lingering battle, the contest of ages is ending,
Victory followeth me.'"

Rochester, N. Y. E. A. RUMBALL.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES

JUVENILE COURTS FOR FRANCE.—Much interest is manifested in different parts of Europe in the present methods of dealing with youthful delinquents that have come so rapidly to the fore in the United States under the name of juvenile courts. Books and articles on the subject abound. The *Signal de Geneve*, for instance, recently devoted a generous share of its space in three successive issues to an account of Judge Lindsey, "the good judge of Colorado," and his court—while in the latest number of the same paper received, H. G. de Riaz writes as follows on the establishment of such courts in France:

"The present Chamber evidently has a growing desire to make its closing regretted by all who interest themselves in social progress in France. Following the law which prohibits the pictorial publication of recent crimes, this parliamentary body has just passed, in its session of March 31, a bill prepared by Mr. Paul Deschanel, member of the French Academy and ex-president of the Chamber, providing for the creation of special courts for children. Some attempts to attain this useful institution, indispensable now in all civilized lands, had already been carried on for some time with the fullest success in Paris. Special hearings in the Tribunal of the Seine had been reserved for accused minors, and the parole, or probation, system for youthful delinquents had been put in operation with the very best results. All that remained was to make obligatory and legal these very efficacious means of reclaiming the youthful criminal. The bill proposed by Mr. Paul Deschanel accomplishes this and inaugurates in France the much desired era of special courts for children." M. E. H.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

REV. WALTER WALSH IN AMERICA.—Rev. Walter Walsh, of Dundee, the eloquent Scotch preacher, whose visits to the United States in 1904 and 1908 are remembered with pleasure by so many, and whose book on "The Moral Damage of War" is one of the most war system, is to visit us again this year. He comes under the auspices of the International School of Peace, and will spend the entire months of May and June here, giving addresses to churches and various organizations upon different aspects of the war against war, with lessons drawn largely from recent British experience. He will be present at the New England Peace Congress at Hartford early in May, will spend the first week in June at Pittsburg, where he is to receive an honorary degree, and the last week in June at the Summer School of the South at Knoxville. Engagements for him will be made by the International School of Peace, 29A Beacon Street, Boston. Among the subjects on which Mr. Walsh will speak in America are: "Europe's Optical Illusion," "The Delusion of Armaments as a Bond of Peace," "In Time of Peace Prepare for Peace," "The Military Madness and the Church's Duty," "Boy Scouts and Other Military Devices," "Lessons from British Politics," and "What the United States, Germany and Great Britain Could Do Together."

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Thy soul aflame:
Go forth in wisdom still,
Thy mission to fulfill,
Obedient to God's will,—
In his dear name.

Make righteousness thy goal,
Valiant and brave thy soul
To meet life's foes:
Live for humanity,
The ages yet to be,
The Truth that maketh free,
Till life shall close.

To thy best thought be true,
The perfect way pursue,
Our Master trod:
God's kingdom is within,
Labor doth all things win,
Failing, thine own the sin,—
Thy helper God.

Thy life be consecrate
To manhood and the state
Forevermore:
Thy voice be heard for peace,
For war's alarm surcease,
Of righteous rule increase,
God to adore.

Christ's law of love be thine,
Thy life a school divine,
Held in sweet thrall:
Thy God and Father, guide,
Be ever near thy side;
To him thy soul confide
Who blesseth all!

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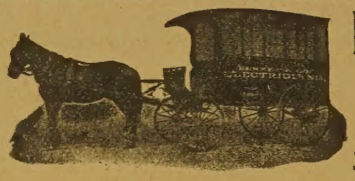

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